

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 369.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

VOL. XV. No. 5.

For Dwight's Journal of Music

The Diarist Abroad.

BERLIN, MARCH 28, 1859.

"Oh the pleasure—the pleasure of the plains." So begins that delightful, delicious work of Handel, "Acis and Galatea." I cannot say, that I had much reason to remember this a fortnight since as I sped along over the dreary, sad waste of Brandenburg on my way to Hamburg. Flat, flat, flat. But by and by the sand gave way to meadows and half flowed fields as we approached the Elbe. Hour after hour, from 7 1-2 A. M. to nearly 3 P. M., ever the same flat, level plain, with villages but sparsely scattered upon it; large tracts on which nothing but cultivated forests of pines and firs, with spectral white birches, seemed to grow; at last we reached the point where the road descends from this vast plain without a hill, to that on which Hamburg lies, and we had some pretty ravine scenery, and then we ran along this lower plain and saw the windmills pumping the water from the fields into canals of a higher level, and so we came to Hamburg, which is a little higher, and back of which the land rises gently to a fine broad swell, of some miles in extent.

Precious little pleasure on these plains to sing about, say on the 10th or 12th of March, even if the winter has been mild and the spring-time seems to be opening. But I had become weary, and longed for a run-away, somewhere—and went. And there was a delightful feeling of freedom about this leaving of the music and the writing, and the constant devotion to a few topics, week after week the winter long. Hence, although it is not easy to conceive of a duller, less interesting country than stretches away in all directions from Berlin, and especially towards the north—nothing to see, nothing to hang anything imaginative upon—there was a pleasure of these plains. There was rapid motion, of itself an enjoyment, and the strangers in the car with me were pleasant enough, and so about 3 P. M., amid rain and storm, which had disappointed the promise of the morning, I was in Hamburg, and driving to the Alster Hotel. I do not recommend the house—better go to the St. Petersburg, my friend says.

To this friend the next day I went, for he dwells like St. Paul in his own hired house—a jolly young bachelor, with whom, many a time and oft, I heard the music at Liebig's and at other concerts, spoken of in DWIGHT'S JOURNAL, in '54-'5. But he had been ill and we now heard no music. Pity; for the "Magic Flute" and "Figaro" were given at the theatre during my four days' stay. I was told that it was no great loss, the opera not being very flourishing in Hamburg. So I have no musical report.

I was greatly pleased with the place—far more so than my acquaintances by their descriptions had led me to expect. The part of the city laid out and built since the great fire of 1842 is as fine as anything I have seen in my travels.

The finest streets in Boston—I refer now only to streets of dwelling-houses, not to the granite blocks, which are often really grand in their severe simplicity—cannot compare with the poorest of these in architectural effect. That is easily accounted for, however. With us each family wishes to occupy a house alone. The result is the dividing of the land into narrow strips 18 to 30 feet wide, upon which tall thin houses, all on one pattern, are erected, looking like sheets of gingerbread magnified and set up edgewise. The highest architectural effect possible therefore is, either that of a snug, homely, unobtrusive comfort, or that of a certain tawdry splendor of the try-to-be-and-can't order. There is no breadth of effect. There is no room for any. The custom of building huge dwellings for many families, which prevails throughout the continent of Europe, of course allows architectural taste an opportunity for display. House fronts are therefore studied, and streets of coarse brick covered with plaster, inhabited by innumerable families, strike the stranger as containing nothing but palaces. Now I am not contending that this is any better,—that it is a thousandth part so good—as our way of putting up the gingerbread houses afore mentioned. I only say that if they here sacrifice domestic comfort and privacy (which is not proved), they do gain noble architectural effect, while anything meaner or more insignificant than a row of dwelling-houses in one of our streets is not easily imagined. But then it is better to have a warm, carpeted room in an ugly brick magnified hat box set up on end, with holes cut through the side for windows, than to shiver in the most noble room of Palladio's finest palace. That is true. But there are no objections to these large fine houses of Northern Germany on the score of comfort, except that many families are under one roof. A friend told me, once when we were pacing the deck of a steamboat on glorious Lake Huron, that one of the most striking things on his return from Europe was the smallness of the houses. I could not understand it then, I do now.—I was struck with the fine effect of the new part of Hamburg. It wears an aspect of wealth and grandeur. The large fronts are so finely proportioned and so various in style, that my eye did not grow weary with looking at them. If the dwelling houses are so fine, it is clear that the public buildings must also be fine; for the buildings which the public erects are, as a rule, in all cities, finer than those of private possessors. An unfinished brick church, with dressings of hewn stone, is the finest Gothic structure of that material I ever saw. It is rapidly advancing towards completion. The colonnade of the Petersburg Hotel, the Arcade from the Jungfernstieg, the Exchange, delighted me—but this is not what I intended to write about Hamburg.

The small river Alster flows through the heart of the city, in a deep canal, to the Elbe. Back of the town it spreads out into a large "Back Bay"; then a bridge and it spreads again into a

smaller basin. Then under a fine bridge it enters its canal, soon leaving the noble streets of the new town, for the queer, quaint old dwellings and shops, the narrow streets, whose houses bend forward to peep into each other's eyes, and for that inner harbor where such a host of vessels, large and small, lie.

One evening, dark and drizzly, (but there was no wind, so the surface of the water was almost smooth,) I crossed the causeway and bridge, which divide the "Binnen" and the "Grosse" Alster. From the tall shops, houses, and hotels which line the other three sides of the irregular quadrangle of the inner basin, a flood of light was poured, beautifully reflected from the water, and here and there, where streets open down into the city beyond, and bring long lines of lights together, the blaze was truly splendid. I stood there a long time enjoying the scene—it affected me like music. Looking out upon the Grosse Alster, a broad sheet of dark water, with a long scattered line of lights, just enough to mark its limits, produced a very different but not less pleasing effect.

"The young men shall see visions and the old men dream dreams."

I must belong to both classes, for as I stood on the Lombard bridge, looking at this splendid spectacle, the visions and dreams in which I had so often indulged in former years upon Cambridge bridge, came up to memory.

Will you have one of them?

Then I must premise, that among the most beautiful objects, in the domain of the human and artificial, upon which my eye can rest, is a broad street, on one side of which rise large and grandly proportioned buildings, on the other a quay and the water. Indeed among my pleasantest reminiscences are the quays of European cities. At home I know but one worthy of note, but who that has been at Montreal can forget it? As we coasted along the shore of England last summer the noble fronts which the new towns and watering places present to the water left just these agreeable and lasting impressions of beauty.

Standing then on Cambridge bridge I have a hundred times had this vision. In some period of the remote future such a taste for the beautiful has grown up among the far off descendants of the Bostonians of this century, that it has entered into the heads of the high powers to endeavor to turn the remarkable natural advantages of the situation of the city to some use in adorning and beautifying it. They have finished filling the Back Bay and have left the most magnificent avenue in the world from the Public Garden to the hills of Brookline. Corey's hill has been secured for a public park and it is covered with woods and shrubbery, with drive ways and walks in all directions, but leading at last to the fine stone observatory and refreshment room on the top. Nothing, except in mountainous countries, can equal this resort of all who love to look down upon great hives of human industry. Primrose Hill at London, the beautiful "Elbhöhe" at

Hamburg, the insignificant Kreuzberg at Berlin, the hills near Vienna — none that I have seen, not even those at Montreal or Quebec, give one such a view as this — but why speak of it again? In other visions I see the people wending their way on foot beneath the shade trees, or in public and private conveyances along our grand avenue and to the top of beautiful Corey. But this is not what I see from Cambridge bridge.

Along the water line from E. Cambridge bridge to the milldam, the blackened sheds of the coal-dealers, the rears of old and new houses, stables, out-houses — all that offends the eye as one looks towards the city, have disappeared. The city fathers have said: "One approach at all events to Boston shall make an agreeable impression. There shall be one avenue, seen from which, the water line of the city shall be an ornament." And so a broad and elegant quay has been constructed, forming a pleasant drive all along the western side of the city. The grounds about the hospital have been made attractive; that ugly edifice, the medical college, has been to some degree transformed; and all along the line large and elegant buildings have been erected. The progress of population has been such that along this quay the principal hotels are now ranged, and the views out upon the water have given a new value to all the property. But this is but one side.

Across the water the shore of the Cambridge side has undergone the transformation that I see in Hamburg around the outer Alster. A broad street defines the shore from East Cambridge bridge, all round to where the river first spreads out into the Back Bay. The Milldam presents a row of palaces fronting the water; and thus, as I stand upon the bridge, on the one hand I have the Binnen, on the other, the Grosse Alster of Hamburg — equally beautiful, if not even more so. Boston, Brookline, Cambridge have grown to be in fact one large city, and in my vision I see in the centre of this city a basin (made two only by a bridge), the like of which you will elsewhere seek in vain. The broad street along the water is macadamized, and when evening comes, after the heat of the summer's day, a thousand equipages drive around this circuit and enjoy the cool air from the water. At the date of which I am speaking, the bay teems with thousands of boats; for the exhortations of the "Autocrat" have in the lapse of time borne fruit, and sails and oars are propelling multitudes across the still waters, and music sounds, cheerful shouts are heard, and you feel that water was given not only for use, but to make men happy. The curves of the Cambridge shore have been preserved and our thousands of promenaders, in carriages, on horseback, on foot, follow the "line of beauty and of grace" to the bridge leading to Brookline, which they cross, some, to follow the shore of the bay back to the city, others to extend their ride, so as to get the effect of the setting sun upon the city as seen from Corey's, others to strike off into the grand avenue with its bazaars, its noble hotels, its princely private dwellings, its magnificent public buildings.

It is evening. Such an evening as that in January, '58, when we, four or five in number, moved by the delicious softness of the air, chose to walk out to Cambridge and lingered long on the bridge to enjoy that summer scene in mid-winter! The tide is up, but the water is still, so

as to reflect in perfection, and long lines of light streak its surface, from street and house lamp along the entire circuit of the Back Bay. The balconies of the houses are filled with people enjoying the scene, from the water come the sounds of music, for this has become a necessity, and Handel's water music is at home here.

Pshaw! what castles in the air! So they are, but it affords some pleasure to stand on the bridge and think what *might* be. At Hamburg, I for the first time saw my old dreams and visions made real — on a somewhat smaller scale, it is true, and the effect upon my feelings was indescribable. In regard to the Grosse Alster — the real Back Bay — I was told that merchants and capitalists purchased the low lands — corresponding to the Cambridgeport marshes — laid out their broad avenue along the water line, and erected a foot bridge or two to shorten the distance to the city. On these bridges were toll houses. The proceeds of these tolls enabled them to extend their avenue, and replace the bridges with others for carriages. The tolls on these bridges have gradually paid for the completion of their street and are still improving it, at the same time raising a fund for future use in adorning and keeping the way in order. So long only will the tolls be allowed as is necessary for this purpose.

Did you ever hear the story of Prof. Stowe and the French engineer? I do not know it exactly, but 'twas to this effect. They were crossing the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania more than a score of years since. At that time climbing mountains with locomotives was something new. The engineer opened his eyes "very tight," and was soon all excitement — at last he could refrain no longer and said in substance to the professor: "I did argue zat de locomotive can only go on de level ground, and write many article; and now I shame myself to see how many nonsens I did write!"

Now should I send all this long talk to you as anything more than a mere fanciful sketch of what might be, in case our free and enlightened citizens were sunk in the tyranny and degradation of Europe; (See *Locofoco Speeches passim*) and were not too wise long since not to pass over such insignificant matters as pertain to the mere beautifying and adornment of our cities, then I might shame myself for writing so "many nonsens." But I hope I am too good an American not to see how much better everything is at home than it can be here! Here is a case in point at Hamburg — and as that city has no kingly authority over it, of course any stupid measure comes directly from the people. Well, the old walls were in part removed, in part smoothed off, so as to afford several hundred "most eligible building lots." Through the great fire of 1842 the community is burdened with an enormous debt — and yet, such is the want of good American shrewdness — as exemplified in the history of Washington Heights in South Boston and other tracts of land — that all the lots of land have been by the Hamburgers laid out into an open common, and large sums of money have been expended in walks, trees, shrubbery, and so on! What a waste! Why, the lands might have been sold like the precious ointment in the Gospel for a large sum and given to the poor. But now all the good the poor can get from them is the privilege of walking there with their wives and child-

ren — which they do in multitudes; strangers, too, enjoy these promenades, with which Boston has nothing that can for a moment compare, either within her own limits or in the neighborhood. Now how ridiculously wanting in "cuteness and gumption" is such a city! We are wiser. Wherever a very fine ridge rises near a city we run a road along or across it, sell the land in lots, and put up signs: "Whosoever is caught trespassing on these premises will be prosecuted." It is enough that this is the American way; of course it is right. Now to our water front again. See the stupidity of Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort, Cologne even, Antwerp, and the whole list of cities where there is shipping or even an extensive boating business. They spend their money in building a quay of hewn stone, with balustrades, rows of trees, broad walk and wide carriage way. Here and there picturesque cranes and sheds are erected for the convenience of commerce if vessels *must* unload there, but the stores are across the street, as upon our Boston wharves. Along this quay the finest buildings are erected, so that a stranger is invariably struck with the fine appearance of the city as he approaches. How much better we do this! A stranger enters Boston for the first time over Cambridge bridge. Our city has wasted no money on quays, and hewn stone, and rows of trees, God forbid! but the water line is owned in small parts or parcels, be the same more or less, to wit: one where they hammer stone; another where they land coal; another where they pile up wood; another where they deposit rubbish; here are the outbuildings of a livery stable; and here, and there, and there, other structures of divers character, equally fitted to fill the stranger's eye with admiration at the sagacity and wisdom of a people who, settling in a wilderness, have contrived in so short a time to render every inch of space so very valuable and so very ugly.

As one goes out of town, however, over which bridge he will, perhaps his taste, his sense of the beautiful is even more nearly sated than on entering. I will give no description — any one who desires can try it at a small expense. However, our way is right. There is no doubt of that. The Hamburgers are all wrong. No doubt of that. Only such idlers as I am happen to like the latter way better. That's all I have to say about Hamburg, whence I journeyed per railroad to Halle.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

About Music, Singing and Vowel Sounds.

He lived not quite 5000 miles from your city, and yet far away from all and every connection with musical performances. It was night, DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC was lying on the table before him, and glancing from it to an open Diary, he muttered, rose from his chair and walked up and down the room.

"Operas, Concerts, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn — three years passed, and I only know these names by remembrance, and this paper is the only link that binds me to scenes I used to see daily. Here I am teaching and trying to cultivate the taste for music — and how few want to learn to enjoy master-spirits."

He sat down again and turning the leaves of his Diary, began to read:

September, 1856. — Gave the *Invitation a la Valse* to a pupil; she told me there was no music in it, never heard such poor melody. O, Weber, dost

thou not turn in thy grave? No music, no melody? This beginning is enchanting. What do they like? Look here! Here is one of their music books: Elephant Polka, Bear Schottisch, Poker Dance, &c., a whole menagerie of Dances and Songs of all colors: Old Dan Tucker, Uncle Ned—aha, this is music, this is melody! But I shall have this trash thrown away, they must learn different music. Hard work, but never be impatient."

October.—The Brass Band of the place turned out to-day! O ye Gods and little fishes! Saxhorns squealing, Cornets whining, Bugles groaning, every instrument except the large Drum out of tune, and all out of time. What are they playing? I have heard the melody once sung by haymakers in Germany; yes, it is the same vulgar melody: *Mein Mann ist gefahren ins Heu, hurrai*, (My man went out haying, hurrah!) I ask the leader; No, it is "I hang my harp." Tolerable imitation of the original, and now I remember, there is a twin brother to it; I recollect one of the pupils sang it the other day, a song, 'Good bye,' composed by, I forgot the name. O Apollo!

December.—Had all my pupils assembled to-day for the first time to sing *en masse*. Wanted them to sing on the vowel *a*, like *ah*. Never had heard of such a thing before; told me they used to sing *Do, Re, Mi*. Never mind your *Do Re Mi*; sing you must as I tell you, and you will get used to it shortly.

March, 1857.—A new pupil to-day. Told me she was a good singer, having had lessons from an Italian. I was glad to hear it. What did you sing last? Eckert's Swiss Song. Let me hear it! Two bars. Stop! Why? Sing the scale of *c*. Aha! voice cracked, a head sound. Let us sing descending;—there it is, a full Contra Alt voice, giving *f* as full as possible and *e* still quite sonorous. And this voice was spoiled by an ignoramus by making it squeal up to *C*. I told her she had a full Contra Alt voice, and what did she answer? I do not want to sing Alto, it is so ugly; my teacher always told me the higher any one could sing, the finer the voice was.

May, 1858.—To-day I made the acquaintance of one of the so-called Singing School Masters. I had been wishing for it for a long time. He addressed me as follows: "I am desired by the citizens of a neighboring town to open a singing class, but being not quite acquainted with teaching, I took the liberty to call on you for some information;" and taking a book from under his arm, continued: "You see, Sir, I bought a book and am studying very hard; but now I am puzzled, what is the meaning of Transposition?" Another question, he added, opening a Hymn Book and pointing to the Thorough Bass notations, "How am I to sing these numbers?" Are such the teachers here? Teachers indeed! Poor pupils!

June.—Had a concert in school to-day. Wonder how people liked it? Overture to "Caliph," 4 hands; Concert Variat. *Guill. Tell*, by Herz; Hymn to Madonna from *Zampa*, chorus; *Invitation a la Valse*, Weber; "Mermaid song," by Haydn; "Wedding March," by Mendelssohn; Grand Variat: *Zampa*, by Herz; "I would that my love," Duet, Mendelssohn; *Nocturne*, Dreysehoek; *Alfin Brillar*, by Ricci; Concert Polka No. 3, Wallace; Overture *Freyshütz*, 8 hands.

November.—My famous friend, the singing master called again. Told me he had been getting on splendidly, and had beaten a rival (of course of the same kind) quite hollow. Here is his speech: "After all the pupils had assembled, I went up to the blackboard and said: Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall prove to you in one moment, that Mr. Y. does not know anything about music. Now Mr. Y. (writing *g* on the staff) where do you put the Octave? It was done right. Well, now write the Octave below! Right! And now, not knowing what to do, I asked him: Tell me, Sir, why are the half steps of the scale after the 3d and 7th? "Because

Nature put them there," "No Sir!" "Well, then, I give it up." "The moment he said so, I turned to the assembly, speaking: You see, ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Y. does not even know such a simple thing; and yet he pretends to teach!"

If such a thing had happened in Lapland or Labrador I would not have wondered, but so! I was perfectly astounded; however, the best comes yet. My friend, the Singing Teacher, came to inquire why these half steps did not occur in any other place of the scale.

December.—Another visit of another Singing School teacher! What did he want? To know what was called a Tonic, and how he could tell in what scale a piece of music was written, and if it was right that the last note in a piece of music was its key note. I recited old Doni's remark about the last question, and told him to learn music first before he began to teach it.

March, 1859.—This "A. W. T." in the Journal is my man. There is at last one, that touches the same subject I have been endeavoring to prove as right to my pupils these years, and with good effect. Exercises on vowel sounds, that is the thing; no *Do Re Mi* nonsense, and so called Italian School teaching. The vowels are the same all the world over, and America must be able to produce just as good and as many good singers, as Europe has done. The voices are here fine enough, and there is talent enough besides,—but as long as these *Do Re Mi* teachers are permitted to spoil voices, when they are in mutation, as I have seen it many and many a time, there is very little chance of gaining singers of any celebrity.

April.—"C." in the Journal is evidently an Italian, and one that is possessed of not a small portion of prejudice of nationality. How pompous he talks about Italian *o's* and *e's* and sonorous open Italian! Does he want Americans or English to sing with an Italian pronunciation? Why don't he teach them to speak with a Chinese accent? How he does talk about better singing of Germans, French and English, when taught by an Italian! I wonder whether or no this "C." ever travelled through Germany, France and England? If he has, he did not enter deeply into the sounds of vowels, when sung in the different languages, and speaks without conviction; if he has not, he ought to go and gain experience enough to enable him to judge properly. A teacher ought to teach rationally, and suit his knowledge and experience to the country he is teaching in; as the pronunciation of words acquires a different treatment in every language; but to deny the vowels to be the same in all languages, when used for vocalizing, is mere talk, and nothing but talk. A competent teacher, whether in Petersburg, Berlin, Rome, Paris, New York or Boston, will exercise his pupil in delivering his voice on the vowel sounds in the same manner,—and a teacher that does not do it is not competent and not able to maintain what he professes: that is to teach. The point of teaching is to teach well, and neither nationality nor old and venerable customs have anything to do with it. E.

The Dettingen Te Deum.

At the second of the three grand musical performances which are to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the death of Handel we are to have the "Dettingen Te Deum" and a miscellaneous selection. That Mr. Bowley will take care the selection is effective, well varied, and not too lengthy, may be pretty safely conjectured. But this is not precisely what we have to speak about. We wish to remind amateurs who read the *Musical World* that the "Dettingen Te Deum" is one of Handel's capital productions, and for many reasons admirably calculated to be impressive and striking on such an occasion.

Waiving for an instant the question of its absolute merit as a composition, the Dettingen "Te Deum" possesses an interest purely historical for every Englishman who is at the same time in his heart a patriot. Need we remind our readers that it was composed by

Handel, at the command of King George II., to celebrate one of the most important victories of which the annals of this country's warfare make mention. Just now, too, when our lively neighbors on the other side of the Channel—urged on by "the Elect of eight millions of Frenchmen"—have given signs of a fidgety policy, which might possibly put Austria into an awkward position, the remembrance of a contest in which the allied armies of Austria and Great Britain, commanded by the King of Great Britain (the last English monarch who ever led English troops to battle) vanquished their enemies, can hardly fail to excite a certain degree of sympathy. Such was the victory of Dettingen, which saved the confederate armies (Austrian and British) from destruction. This great event it was Handel's task to commemorate in immortal strains.

The Dettingen "Te Deum" and Anthem were first performed, before the King and Court, in the Royal Chapel, of St. James's, Nov. 27, 1743 (the year of the victory). The effect they produced is registered in the chronicles of the period, and the fact that Handel's music at the present time is more generally known than the incidents of the occasion that led to its composition, says no little for the genius of the musician. Few now would care to read all the details of the campaign that ended in the victory of Dettingen. Few now care to know even that George II., a King of England, second of the Hanoverian line, was a warrior, like his father, and like William the Third, his father's predecessor. But every one who loves music cares for the "Te Deum" which Handel wrote to celebrate George II.'s most memorable feat of arms. This is the prerogative of genius—creative genius. The very name of Dettingen is only likely to be preserved through the instrumentality of Handel's undying masterpiece.

For other reasons, however, simply connected with musical effect, the Dettingen "Te Deum" is well chosen on the part of the managers of the Handel Festival. Its martial tone is admirably calculated to impress a vast multitude. Then not only is the instrumentation strident and imposing—so as to stir the heart like a trumpet, but the choral portions are solemn and magnificent, proving incontestably, if proof were wanting, the truth of the verdict delivered by a journalist of the day—that the genius of Handel was "inexhaustible." Those who remember the effect of the choral performances, at the preliminary Commemoration of 1857, can hardly have forgotten the immense sensation produced by the martial pieces, the grand solo displays of Judas Maccabæus (Mr. Sims Reeves), and the choruses that embody the same patriotic ardor. Well, the general tone of the Dettingen "Te Deum" in strict conformity with its theme, is pitched in the same key; and, if we are allowed boldly to avow an opinion that possibly may not have been hitherto universally accepted, and may therefore sound a little heterodox, the "Te Deum," in this particular instance, is equal if not superior to the oratorio.

We have heard, on safe authority, that Mr. Costa, the energetic and indomitable conductor, whose services on such a special and trying occasion cannot possibly be over-estimated, feels confident that the Dettingen "Te Deum" will produce an effect second to none other that is anticipated from the extraordinary and unprecedented combination of vocal and instrumental talent which is to assemble at the Crystal Palace on the 22nd day of June in honor of the great musician who has been aptly designated "THE GIANT OF THE CHOIR."—*London Mus. World*.

The Normal Diapason.

Report of the French Commission.

(Concluded from page 26.)

The Commission has, therefore, the honor to propose that your Excellency should institute a uniform diapason for all the musical establishments of France, and decide that the tuning-fork giving the A should be fixed at 870 vibrations a second.

With regard to the measures to be taken for the adoption and preservation of the new diapason, the Commission is of opinion, Monsieur le Ministre, that it would be advisable:

1. That a model tuning-fork, giving 870 vibrations a second, at a temperature of 15 degrees, centigrade, should be constructed under the direction of competent persons, named by your Excellency.

2. That your Excellency should fix, for Paris and the departments, an epoch after which the new diapason should become obligatory.

3. That the state of the tuning-forks and instruments in all theatres, schools, and other musical establishments, should be submitted to the inspection of proper officers (*à des vérifications administratives*).

We trust, Monsieur le Ministre, that, for the sake of unity of the diapason, and to render these meas-

ures as comprehensive as possible, you will kindly exert yourself with his Excellency the Minister of War, to procure the adoption of the diapason, thus amended, into the regiments of the army, and with his Excellency the Minister of Commerce, in order that, for the future, musical instruments made in conformity with this diapason may alone be admitted to contend for the prizes offered at the Industrial Expositions. We solicit, also, your Excellency's intervention so that this diapason may be the only one authorized and employed in all the Communal Schools of France where music is taught.

Lastly the Commission requests, Monsieur le Ministre, your kind intervention with his Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction and Worship, in order that, for the future, the organs he may order to be built or repaired may be tuned according to the new diapason.

Such, Monsieur le Ministre, are the measures which strike the Commission as necessary, in order to secure and consolidate the success of the change that the adoption of a uniform diapason would introduce in our musical habits (*mœurs musicales*). Order and regularity would be established where chance, caprice, and carelessness now sometimes reign; the study of singing would be pursued under more favorable circumstances; and the human voice, having its ambition less excited, would be subjected to less rough trials. The instrument trade, by aiding in these measures might, perhaps, be enabled to improve still more its products, already in such request. It is not unworthy the government of a great nation to busy itself with questions of this kind, which may appear futile, but which possess a real importance of their own. Art is not indifferent to the care taken of it. It requires to be loved, in order to fructify and spread, and elevate the hearts and minds of men. Every one knows with what love, with what ardent and rigorous uneasiness the Greeks, who were animated by so lively and profound a sentiment of art, watched over the preservation of the laws regulating their music. By directing your attention to the dangers to which an excessive love of sonority may expose musical art, and by endeavoring to establish a rule, a measure, a principle, your Excellency has afforded a fresh proof of the enlightened interest you take in the fine arts generally. The friends of music thank you, Monsieur le Ministre, those who have devoted to it their whole life as well as those who dedicate to it their leisure moments; those who speak the harmonious language of tune, as well as those who merely understand its beauties.

We have the honor respectfully to remain,
Monsieur le Ministre,

Your Excellency's very humble and very devoted
Servants,

J. Peltetier, President; F. Halévy, Reporter;
Auber, Berlioz, Despretz, Camille Doncet,
Lissajous, General Mellinet, Meyerbeer,
Ed. Monnais, Rossini, Ambroise Thomas.

TABLES ANNEXED TO THE REPORT.

TABLE A.

Table of the diapasons used in the principal towns of France, and in various countries of Europe, according to the types received by the Ministry of State.

Origin.	Number of vibrations per second.	Variation from the Diapason of the Opera at Paris.	Measured in vibrations of mean tone.
FRANCE.			
Lille.....	804	+8.0	+0.077
Paris.....	806		
Marseilles.....	804	-2.0	-0.019
Bordeaux.....	806	-10.0	-0.086
Toulouse (Theatre).....	885	-11.0	-0.106
Toulouse (Conservatory).....	874	-22.0	-0.210

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Brussels (Band of Guides).....	911	+15.0	+0.134
London (No. 3).....	910.3	+14.4	+0.138
" (No. 2).....	905	+9.0	+0.087
Berlin.....	903.5	+7.5	+0.072
St. Petersburg.....	908	+7.0	+0.067
Prague.....	899.5	+2.5	+0.024
Leipzig.....	897.5	+1.5	+0.014
Munich.....	896.2	+0.2	+0.002
The Hague.....	892.3	-3.7	-0.035
Pesth.....	892	-4.0	-0.038
Turin.....			
Wurtemberg.....	889.5	-6.5	-0.062
Weimar.....			
Brunswick.....	887	-9.0	-0.086
Gotha.....	886.5	-9.4	-0.091
Stuttgart.....	886	-10.0	-0.096
Dresden.....	882	-14.0	-0.134
Carlsruhe.....	870	-26.0	-0.220
London (No. 1).....	868	-28.0	-0.239

TABLE B.

Showing the progressive elevation of the diapason in different countries.

Names of the Observers.	A. D.	Number of vibrations.	Variation from the actual diapason of each country in fractions of the mean tone.
PARIS (GRAND OPERA).			
Sauveur.....	1699	808	-0.845
".....	1704	808	-0.845
".....	1713	810.6	-0.820
".....	1810	811.7	-0.800
Dronet.....	1823	846	-0.480
Fischer.....	1823	862.7	-1.320
Dronet.....	1830	871.5	-0.235
Delazenne.....	1836 to 1839	882	-0.134
Lissajous.....	1858	896	
BERLIN.			
Marpurg.....	1752	843.75	-0.574
Wieprecht.....	1806 to 1814	861	-0.408
Fischer.....	1823	874.64	-0.277
Wieprecht.....	1830	880	-0.225
Schribler.....	1834	883.25	-0.194
Wieprecht.....	1858	903.5	
SAINT PETERSBURG.			
Sarti.....	1796	872	-0.298
Lissajous.....	1858	903	
TURIN.			
Delezenne.....	1845	880	-0.091
Lissajous.....	1858	889.5	
MILAN.			
Delezenne.....	1845	893.14	-0.072
Lissajous.....	1856	900.6	

The Minister of State has resolved as follows:—

Considering the order, bearing date the 17th July, 1858, and appointing a commission charged to investigate the means of establishing in France a uniform musical diapason, of fixing on a sonorous standard which might serve as an invariable type, and of indicating the measures to be taken for securing its adoption and preservation.

Considering the report drawn up by the Commission, and dated the 1st February, 1859:

It is decreed that:

Art. 1.—A uniform diapason is fixed for all the musical establishments in France, Imperial and other theatres of Paris and the departments, conservatories, branch schools, and public concerts authorized by the State.

Art. 2.—This diapason, giving the A adopted for tuning instruments, is fixed at eight hundred and seventy vibrations a second. It will be known by the name of the *Normal Diapason*.

Art. 3.—The standard prototype of the *Normal Diapason* will be preserved at the Imperial Conservatory of Music and Elocution.

Art. 4.—All music establishments authorized by the State will have to be provided with a tuning-fork, verified and stamped in conformity with the standard prototype.

Art. 5.—The *Normal Diapason* will come into force, in Paris, on the 1st of July next; and, on the 1st of December following, in the departments.

After the above dates only instruments verified and stamped in conformity with the *Normal Diapason* will be admitted in the musical establishments above mentioned.

Art. 6.—The state of the tuning-forks and instruments will be regularly submitted to the examination of the proper officers (*à des vérifications administratives*).

Art. 7.—The present decree will be lodged with the Secretary-General, to be notified to all whom it may concern.

ACHILLE FOULD.

Paris, the 16th February, 1859.

Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, APRIL 1. — Halle is a queer, little old nest, with its 38,000 people, lying so huddled together in a sort of depression in the vast plain, with its points of compass all mixed up — as badly as ever its theology was; and this reminds me of what Prof. Thorbecke said to me. He did me and my friend from New Haven the honor to invite us to walk with him. He talked about many very interesting subjects, particularly about changes in the religious prospects of Germany at different periods. Suddenly stopping in the road he turned to me and looking full into my face with his mild, kindly eyes: "Do you know," said he, "that in 1568 only one-tenth of Germany was Catholic, and that now more than half is?" — "No, indeed, I had no idea of such a fact!" — "Well, it is so," said he. "But what a change here in Halle," said he, another time during our walk,

"when I came here a young man of twenty-five, there were a thousand theological students, only four of whom professed to believe in Christianity!"

He spoke of Prof. Stowe's visit to Halle, and of his great disappointment upon returning from a journey to find that Mrs. S. had been there and he had missed seeing her. He mentioned many interesting facts in relation to missionary operations in Africa; but they seem as little suited to the columns of a *Journal of Music*, as the above.

Halle is a queer, little, old nest, with its 38,000 people crowded into a space enclosed by a brick wall with gates, which you can "surround" in about half an hour, if a moderate walker. I made out so much in regard to it, that the railroads are on higher land than the town; from the stations down to the Saale is a gentle declivity, the river lying deep enough to enable the town quite to hide itself, except its church and other towers, with which, I suppose it keeps a good look out.

Not more than a mile from the town is a fine lot of precipices on the river, with an old castle, and a watering place, and a fine private garden not far off. I could not imagine why the town was not built here, until I heard something about some salt springs, which doubtless explains it. Between Giebichenstein, the old castle, and Wittkind, the watering place, is a large dwelling on the edge of the plain, with its garden running down in the rear toward the river. This house is the place whither the two Americans were taken, to their great delight, to see the place where Goethe and Shakespeare met! Interesting fact to them. To me the village of Giebichenstein was a place of interest, and for this reason; on the 23d of April, 1683, the pastor of the church there made a certain entry of a marriage in his church books. The pastor's name was Georg Taust. The entry was this:

Der Edele, wol Ehelveste, grosachtbare und Kunstberühmte Hr. GEORG HENDEL, Churfürstl. Brandenburg. Wolbestalter Kammerdiener mit Jungfer Dorothea, meiner Tochter, den 23 Aprilis zu Giebichenstein."

Which, being interpreted, is this:

"The noble, well-steadfastly-honorable, greatly-to-be-respected and celebrated-for-his-Art, Mr. GEORG HENDEL, Electoral Brandenburg well-salaried chamberlain, with the virgin Dorothea, my daughter, on the 23d April, at Giebichenstein."

This Herr Georg Hendel was 62 years old, and was a widower, having buried his first wife Oct. 9, 1682, she being then in her 72d year. Six months and two weeks afterwards he married Dolly Taust, (April 23, 1683). 1684 there was a still-born boy. Feb. 23, 1685 another boy was born — and this was GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, whose compositions of vocal music touch my feelings and awaken all the nobler emotions more than those of any other composer who ever lived, whose music I have heard.

But let me go back a little.

It was a day's journey from Hamburg to Halle. Starting at 7½ A. M. I took a very good beefsteak at noon at Wittenberge on the Elbe — not Wittenberg of Luther memory — at 3½ was in Magdeburg of Trenc memory, and at 7½ in Halle of Handel memory. It always pleased me to read how when Paul Fleming reached Heidelberg and drove up the long Hauptstrasse to the neighborhood of the Castle and the Carls-Thor "one warm heart was waiting to receive him." I thought of this as I left the station and descended into Halle, and knew that I should find two warm hearts in Mr. C.'s lodgings waiting for me — hearts twain, but one — it proved so. It was with Mr. C. that I walked out to Giebichenstein, stopping to watch the skylarks as they fluttered up perpendicularly into the air, "gurgling" all the time, and at last suddenly dropping to the ground as if shot — as the nighthawks do at home. At the village we stopped at the little inn for a cup of coffee.

f

O swift - ly! O swift - ly! O swift - ly! O swift - ly!
 Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de!

swift - ly!
 schwin - de!

The wave parts before us,
 Es theilt sich die Welle,

The distant is nearing,
 Es naht sich die Ferne,

nearing;
 Ferne;

O swift - ly! O swift - ly! O swift - ly! O swiftly! O swiftly! O
 Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Geschwinde! Geschwinde! Ge-

f

O
 Ge-

The wave parts before us,
 Es theilt sich die Welle,

The distant is nearing,
 Es naht sich die Ferne;

The
 Es

O swiftly! O swiftly!
 Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de!

The distant is nearing,
 Es naht sich die Ferne;

The
 Es

swiftly!
 schwinde!

O swiftly! O swiftly!
 Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de!

The
 Es

swift - ly! O swiftly! O swift - ly! O swiftly! O swiftly! The
 schwin - de! Ge - schwinde! Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Es

waves part before us, Yes, the dis - tant is nearing; The clouds roll a - sunder, A
theilt sich die Welle, ja Es naht sich die Ferne; Die Ne - bel zer - reis - sen, Der

waves part before us, Yes, the dis - tant is nearing; The clouds roll a - sunder, A
theilt sich die Welle, ja Es naht sich die Ferne; Die Ne - bel zer - reis - sen, Der

waves part before us, Yes, the dis - tant is nearing; The clouds roll a - sunder, A
theilt sich die Welle, ja Es naht sich die Ferne; Die Ne - bel zer - reis - sen, Der

waves part before us, Yes, the dis - tant is nearing; The clouds roll a - sunder, A
theilt sich die Welle, ja Es naht sich die Ferne; Die Ne - bel zer - reis - sen, Der

Sf *Sf*

bright sky is o'er us, And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome band, the
Him - mel ist hel - le, Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängst - li - che Band, das

bright sky is o'er us, And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome band, the
Him - mel ist hel - le, Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängst - li - che Band, das

bright sky is o'er us, And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome band, the
Him - mel ist hel - le, Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängst - li - che Band, das

bright sky is o'er us, And Ae - o - lus loos - ens the wea - risome band, the
Him - mel ist hel - le, Und Ae - o - lus lö - set das ängst - li - che Band, das

Sf *Sf* *ff*

f

wea - risome band, And swift - ly! O swiftly! O swiftly! O
 ängst - li - che Band. Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Ge-

f

wea - risome band, And swift - ly! O swiftly! O swiftly! O
 ängst - li - che Band. Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Ge-

f

wea - risome band, O swift - ly! O swiftly! O swiftly! O
 ängst - li - che Band. Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Ge-

f

wea - risome band, O swift - ly! O swiftly! O swiftly! O
 ängst - li - che Band. Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Ge-

p *f*

Sf *Sf*

swiftly! O swiftly! O swiftly! See, see, yon - der the land! See,
 schwinde! Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Schon schon seh' ich das Land!

Sf *Sf*

swiftly! O swiftly! O swiftly! See, see, yon - der the land! See,
 schwinde! Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Schon schon seh' ich das Land!

See, see, yon - der the land! See,
 Schon schon seh' ich das Land! Schon

swiftly! O swiftly! O swiftly! See, see, yon - der the land! See,
 schwinde! Geschwin - de! Geschwin - de! Schon schon seh' ich das Land! Schon

See, yes, see, yon - der the land! . . .
 Schon ja schon seh' ich das Land! . . .

See, yes, see, yon - der the land! . . .
 Schon ja schon seh' ich das Land! . . .

yes, see, yon - der the land! . . . the
 ja schon seh' ich das Land! . . . das

yes, see, yon - der the land! . . . the
 ja schon seh' ich das Land! . . . das Land! . . .

the
 das land! . . .
 Land! . . .

the
 das land! . . .
 Land! . . .

the
 das land! . . .
 Land! . . .

the
 das land! . . .
 Land! . . .

How it came about I do not remember at this moment, but it was in some way through our speech, that the landlady asked whence we came.

"This gentleman," said I of my friend, "is an American."

"So-o-o! and you?"

"Oh, I am an American too."

"From what part of America, if I may ask?"

"From Boston."

"Boston, my man has brothers there, I will call him."

Soon "my man" came in, and then there was great joy at seeing a "Herr" from Boston, who, though he did not happen to know the brothers, did know Zerrahn and divers members of the orchestra in which the brothers play, for they are musicians, "and it goes good with them," our landlord assured me.

So you see we have two or three musicians from the home of Handel's mother in Boston. Sunday (March 20th) I went to the Moritz church, but there was such a reverberation that I could not understand the preacher, and after half an hour vainly attempting to do so, I marched off and took a look into the queer old market church with its Cranach pictures. Not being much edified there, I slipped off again and looked into a church in Leipziger street, just as the last choral was ending. The organist played the people out with a pretty and fanciful bit of melody and harmony, and as he came down and passed out, we took a good look at each other as strangers do, who see something familiar in each other's faces. As in the case of the Irishman and his supposed acquaintance, the organist and myself proved to be "nether of us" — so he entered a neighboring house and I went up street.

Tuesday afternoon I went to see ROBERT FRANZ. Bach fugues, I'll warrant. This was while I was waiting for the servant to appear. On entering, Franz and a young man, sure enough, were at work on Bach, just for pleasure. Franz was the organist of Sunday. He is a much younger man than I expected. Middle size, no beard, long hair, high forehead, pleasant face, neither thin nor round, very intellectual.

Franz is a thorough Bachist, notwithstanding the modern character of his beautiful songs, and in spite of the temptation to be a Handelian, living as he does in Handel's birthplace. For my part I cannot put Bach so much above his great contemporary, and we had an amicable discussion of their merits, which led to the playing and singing of passages from Bach. Not that he denies Handel's greatness — by no means.

It would have done you good to hear him speak of OTTO DRESEL as he did, especially of him as a player of Beethoven's sonatas. He seems to consider Dresel as in the front rank in this respect.

Mrs. Franz spoke most affectionately of a dear friend in New York, though family cares and the thousand and one causes which prevent correspondence across the wide ocean had prevented her from writing. I know this will meet the eye of that friend — and nobody else need read it!

After chatting an hour it was time to go to the "Sing Akademie" — the Handel and Haydn Society of Halle — of which Franz is director. He invited me to go with him. It was a rehearsal of Handel's "Jephtha."

Here I found another of those musical associations of which I wrote some time since, resting upon the only true basis, that of a desire on the part of the singers to study the best music. They cheerfully — men and women — pay their annual assessments, employ a good musician for conductor, and trouble themselves as little about the public in their selection of music as at home they do about the selection of books for private perusal. I hope to live to see that time when the Choral Societies of Boston will sing what they choose, letting others bray as they will.

The Halle Sing Akademie is made up of the most refined and cultivated people in the town. Several of the leading female singers are daughters of professors in the University, and do not consider it as descending to join with other people in the study of good music. Many of the tenors and basses are from the ranks of the students — their number was small to-day as the vacation had begun. This Society does not give up Bach, or Handel's "Israel in Egypt" because it does not draw — the object of the association is music — not money — as it was originally with our Handel and Haydn.

The Halle Society was rehearsing Handel's "Jephtha," and it went greatly to my satisfaction, and greatly to the credit of Franz, the conductor. It is to form part of the music at the great Handel festival in June or July — to which time it has been postponed, owing to delay in finishing the statue through the illness of the artist.

The impression made upon me by Franz was a very agreeable one. A slight impediment in his speech is noticeable, but not at all disagreeable. It is very easy to conceive of him as author of those delicate musical fancies which bear his name, and which are becoming so widely known in our country.

Another musician whom I met — the name has escaped me — is organist at the Dom church, where the young law-student Handel played a single year more than a century and a half ago. He is highly spoken of. Dresel knows him. From what I heard of him I take him to be just that sort of solid, true organ style player of which we have so few examples at home. Perhaps if there is any good organ, where such an organist is desired, he might be obtained. Who knows?

"Feels like one who treads alone," &c. — how often this came up to mind both during the few days in Halle and those in Leipzig. In fact I am to the Americans here "a venerable man, who has come down from former generations." A generation of Americans here we reckon as comprising two years, which is good measure. Individuals live to the "threescore years and ten" of three and four seasons, but, as thirty years make a human generation, so do two make an American one abroad. Now, I first entered Halle, with a chemical friend, on foot from Eisen in 1850, more than 120 years ago, reckoning by generations! for four have come and gone in that time — so "the busy generations pass."

J. — old friend, does it seem so long to you?

A. W. T.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

Once on a time, in days gone by, some years after Rossini had given up composition, it was rumored that he had written an opera on the subject of *Joan of Arc*. The rumor was not altogether without foundation. Rossini had composed a *cantata*, or lyric *scena di bravura*, entitled *Giovanna d'Arco*, for Mlle. Olympe, at that time his pupil, and now his *cara sposa*. The London Philharmonic Society had offered Mlle. Olympe an engagement to sing at one of their concerts; and it was for this purpose Rossini composed the *scena*. M. Troupenas, the publisher, offered 15,000 francs for the copyright, which sum, however exorbitant, was refused by Mlle. Olympe, to whom the composer had presented the *cantata* as a gift, and she was unwilling to part with it at any price. The composition, nevertheless, although withheld from the world at large, was not destined to be lost entirely. The crowds which congregated at the Saturday's receptions in Rossini's house necessitated their discontinuance, and the maestro now issues cards of invitation when he is desirous of bringing his friends around him. Had Rossini's rooms been as large as the Salle Herz, and all his admirers been permitted to attend his weekly reunions, they would have been filled. Now that he is compelled to make a choice, the company is more select, and the evenings more enjoyable. Among the guests invited at the last reception were MM. Auber, Carafa, the Prefect of the Seine, and Baron Rothschild. The invi-

tations specified that an unpublished *cantata*, called *Giovanna d'Arco*, composed by Rossini, would be sung by Mad. Alboni. It may confidently be supposed that no one invited was absent. The rooms were crowded, but not inconveniently, as on former occasions. Besides the *cantata*, the programme included performances by Signors Belart, Badiali, and Madame Alboni, as vocalists, and MM. Stanziere, Schimon, Accursi, and Madame Tardieu, as instrumentalists. The *scena*, *Giovanna d'Arco*, comprises an introduction and several movements, andantes, and allegros, preceded by recitatives, composed in Rossini's largest and grandest dramatic style. To no other singer living but Alboni would Rossini have entrusted his grand *scena*, and no other living singer could have done it equal justice. Those who remember Alboni's breadth of style and largeness in the slow movement to the *rondo finale* in *La Cenerentola*, and in the great air, "In sì barbara," in *Semiramide*, may have some idea how she sang the new *scena*. The recitatives exhibited her fine declamatory powers, the slow movements her unequalled phrasing and exquisite beauty of voice, and the allegros her marvellous and unerring execution. The company were enraptured both with composition and artist, and Auber and M. Carafa were among the most energetic of the applauders. The performance commenced with Rossini's new pianoforte piece, "Prélude de l'Avenir," confided to the dexterous fingers of Madame Tardieu; while M. Stanziere executed the new "Tarentella" for the pianoforte, which, in the opinion of M. J. L. Heugel, of *Le Ménestrel*, surpasses all *tarentelles*, past, present, and to come.

Phillippe Musard, the originator of the Promenade Concerts, and the popularizer of the Bal Masqué, died recently at his residence, at Auteuil, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Musard entertained extraordinary notions of the dignity of dance music. In his opinion a quadrille possessed all the importance of a symphony; and a waltz or polka had as significant a meaning as a grand chorus or concerted piece. Not that he underrated symphonies and choral compositions, but that he elevated musical contributions to Terpsichore — provided they were worthy of their kind — to the highest point of excellence. It was, therefore, with no idea of disrespect, or intention to disparage, or from the want of feeling their beauties, but in the deepest earnestness and reverence, as really conferring a grace in the employment, that he founded a waltz on one of the airs in the *Requiem* of Mozart, a *Pastorale* figure for a quadrille on a motive from Haydn's *Creation*, and a *Trenise* on the "Benediction of the Poignards" in the *Huguenots*. Phillippe Musard, although a mere writer of ballet music was a true artist. He loved his profession with ardor, more especially the immediate branch to which he had devoted his energies and time. He was an enthusiast at heart. He was the idol of a clique, who estimated dance music as the highest exemplification of the art. At the Grand Opéra, in the season of the masked balls, he was the great personage of Paris. The Emperor paled before him. He was the generalissimo of the grand army of instrumentalists and took the capital by storm when he lifted his *bâton*. Not without some reason was he denominated Napoleon Musard. Peace to his manes! He was a kind-hearted and honorable man, and died universally regretted. I understand he died immensely rich. He was buried at Auteuil on the 31st ultimo, and his remains were followed by a large number of friends, artists, and old companions.

Tamberlik, *en attendant* the preparations for Rossini's *Otello*, has made his *réentree*, at the Italiens, in the *Trovatore*. The *ut dieze* of the great tenor is said to be transformed into *ut double dieze* by the recent change in the diapason. — *Corr. Lond. Mus. World*, April 9.

VIENNA. — At the third concert of the Society of Vienna, M. Hector Berlioz's *Fuite en Egypte* was received with immense acclamations. Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, *Saul*, was executed on the 21st ult., by the Academy of Singing. The Gesang-Verein gave its first concert in the Salle des Redoutes. M. Servais, the violoncellist, had arrived, and Mad. Lefont, the new *prima donna* for the Italian Opera, was expected to make her *début* on the first instant.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. — The last Saturday Concert proved by far the most attractive of the series. Many, no doubt, were enticed to Sydenham by the programme, which embraced the whole of the music to Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Here was a chance for those who never go to hear an opera in a theatre, and yet who prefer operatic to all other music. Madame Rudersdorf, by education, no less than ability, is well suited to interpret the heroic music allotted to Leonora. Madame Weiss's pure soprano voice was

heard to great advantage in Marcellina's part. Mr. Weiss as Rocco and Mr. Thomas as Pizarro, were both powerful and effective, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper gave the tender strains of Florestan in his best manner. The band was admirable, and the music went from beginning to end without a hitch. But the choral force was not strong enough for the chorus of prisoners and the grand finale to the second act.—*Apr. 2.*

The programme of the last Saturday Concert was of the miscellaneous kind, but was of a very attractive character. The principal performances comprised an early Symphony of Mozart (in D—a pearl of beauty), Handel's overture to the *Occasional Oration*, and Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in C major (No. 1), by Miss Arabella Goddard.

The concert terminated with Hector Berlioz's arrangement of Leopold de Meyer's "Marche Marocaine," played with great spirit by the band. Although the weather was miserably cold and wet, the rain coming down in torrents, there was a fair average attendance.

To-day, Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone* will be performed. Mr. Nichol and Miss Heraud have been engaged to deliver the dialogue and introductory verses.—*April 9.*

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The season opened on Saturday with the *Travatore*, the cast comprising two new-comers in Leonora and the Conte di Luna, and a substitute for Mario and Tamberlik in the part of Manrico. Mlle. Lotti has for some years enjoyed a high reputation in Italy and St. Petersburg as a singer in the operas of the modern Italian composers. The slow movement of Leonora's opening air on Saturday evening was so well sung as to create a decidedly favorable impression, which was hardly confirmed by the lady's execution of the *allegro*. Mlle. Lotti has a beautiful voice, a good deal of natural energy, and does not want for power. On the other hand, she is not yet a finished vocalist, and occasionally, for that reason, disappoints expectation. Sig. Debassini, who appeared, in the absence of Sig. Graziani, as the Count di Luna, is not new to London. He appeared some years ago, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the range of Tamburini's characters, from which we may argue that the high boisterous music of Verdi's Count is not exactly in his line. Sig. Debassini is a good artist and a good singer, but his voice is a little deteriorated in quality. The *Azucena* of the evening was Mad. Nantier-Didiée, whose many good qualifications for this character are familiar to our readers. Signor Neri-Bardoli exhibited discretion in not attempting to make too much of the part of Manrico. The band and chorus are as fine as ever. Mr. Costa was enthusiastically received. The *Travatore* was repeated on Tuesday, and the impression produced by Madlle. Lotti was even more favorable than on the first night. On Thursday *La Sonnambula* introduced a new Amina in the person of Madlle. Calderon, who was extremely nervous, and therefore incompetent to fulfil the task she had undertaken. Of this young lady, of whose antecedents we know nothing, we shall pronounce no opinion until we have heard her a second time. Gardoni sang as charmingly as ever in Elvino, and Signor Debassini both sang and acted like a genuine artist in the favorite part of Count Rudolpho. The ballet divertissement, *Les Abeilles*, which was given so frequently last year, supported in the principal parts by Mesdmes. Delachaux and Esper, and M. Desplaces, concluded the entertainment. To-night, *La Sonnambula* will be repeated.

One of the principal attractions of the approaching season will be Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*, the first time of production in this country. The chief characters will be sustained by Madlle. Titiens, Signors Mongini and Graziani.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—If any proofs were wanting that a love for good music is an inherent quality in the popular mind, the result of the "Bach and Handel Night," on Monday last would have abundantly provided them. St. James's Hall was crowded everywhere, the shilling galleries being no less thronged than the more aristocratic places, and a more earnest and attentive audience never assembled within four walls. And what was the entertainment provided? Let the programme tell:

PART I.—Grand Prelude and Fugue, in E flat major, organ; Air (from *The Passions*), "Give, O give me back my Lord;" Prelude, Sarabande and Gavotte, violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment; "Recitative and Air," "Although mine eyes;" Fuga Scherzando ("Bachiana" No. 1), and Grand Fugue in A minor, pianoforte; Recitative and Air, "Thou blessed Savior;" Grand Fugue in G minor, organ—**BACH.**

PART II.—Concerto in B flat, organ; Air (*Admetus*), "Cangio d'aspetto;" Air, "Revenge, Timotheus cries;" Suite de Pièces, in E major, concluding with the "Harmonious Blacksmith," pianoforte; Recitative and Air, "Love in her eyes;" Duet,

"Tanti strali;" Prelude and Fugue in F minor, organ—**HANDL.**

What a serious face it wears, and how ill-adapted it seems to please the multitude! Nevertheless, it did please the multitude, and so much so, that there were several encores and three repetitions. Nor did the performance, in any one instance, induce a sense of weariness or annoyance. An audience of connoisseurs could not have exhibited greater attention, or a better appreciation.

Mr. W. T. Best opened splendidly in the Grand Prelude and Fugue of old John Sebastian, and at once riveted the attention of his hearers. We may state here that Mr. Best played magnificently, and created so profound a sensation, that we have no doubt he will be heard again at the Monday Popular Concerts. The Grand Pedal Fugue in G minor, one of the most masterly ever composed, was encored. Mr. Best, however, merely bowed, and would not accept the compliment, wherein he displayed equal discretion and good taste. Miss Arabella Goddard, too, was loudly encored in the Grand Fugue in A minor which followed the popular *fuga scherzando*, "Bachiana," No. 1 (a truly wonderful performance); but, like Mr. Best, she contented herself with acknowledgments. It were to be wished that all our artists would follow such an excellent example. Sig. Piatti obtained an unanimous encore in the Gavotte for the violoncello, and did not take pattern by the pianist and the organist, both of whom had as powerful entreaties to repeat their performances as the unrivalled violoncellist. Of the three vocal pieces in the part devoted to Bach, the best in every respect was the recitative and air by Miss Dolby. This was fine legitimate vocalization.

In the Handelian part, Mr. W. T. Best again led the way majestically with the Organ Concerto (No. 3), *not* the Prelude and Fugue in F minor, as stated in the programme, and was again received with applause from all parts of the Hall.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.—The sixth concert was given on Monday evening, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The programme was as follows:

PART I.—Symphony in A minor; Mendelssohn; Song, "Beating heart," Mr. W. T. Wrighton; Beethoven; Aria, "Dove sono," Miss Eleanora Wilkinson; Mozart; Lied, "Der Erl König," Mr. E. Gordon Cleather; Schubert; Selections, with solos for oboe and cornet à pistons (*Traviata*), Mr. A. A. Pollock and Mr. H. E. Tatham; Verdi.

PART II. Concerto in F minor, for the pianoforte, Madame Roche Chopin; Song, "Upon the wings of song, love," Miss Eleanora Wilkinson. Mendelssohn; Ballad, "Her bright smile haunts me still," Mr. W. T. Wrighton. Wrighton; Overture (*Der Freyschutz*), Weber. Conductor; Mr. Henry Leslie.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 30, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Conclusion of Chorus: "Recalmed at Sea, and Prosperous Voyage" (*Meeres-stille und Glückliche Fahrt*), by BEETHOVEN.

2. *Sancus*: "Holy Jehovah of hosts," by PALESTRINA; as found in Mr. Webb's excellent collection, "Cantica Ecclesiastica."

Concerts.

The Complimentary Concert to Mr. C. R. ADAMS took place in the Music Hall last Saturday evening. The hall looked two-thirds full. The selections, for an occasion of the kind, were good; nearly all the pieces were well rendered, and there was general enjoyment with occasional enthusiasm. Mr. Adams's array of volunteering artists was somewhat reduced from the first announcement; the four-pianists feature of the programme had been reconsidered, only Mr. LANG appearing, and Mr. PARKER as accompanist in Handel and Haydn choruses; Mrs. HARWOOD too, was wanting, and Mrs. WENTWORTH was excused by sickness. Yet there was talent and attraction enough for any concert; such as is very seldom brought together in a testimonial of this kind. And the compliment was hearty, as it was deserved.

A small orchestra—about the same with that of the Afternoon Concerts—conducted by ZERRAHN, performed the overtures to "Martha" and to "Obéron," and with great nicety of execution and expression. A portion of the same accompanied Mr. LANG the facile, brilliant young pianist, in his very smooth

and graceful execution of the last (Presto) movement of Mozart's Concerto in E flat. He was most vehemently applauded, and gave Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" in response.

Mr. ADAMS himself was in excellent voice, and sang with that sweetness which is his peculiar quality, yet also with a good degree of strength, and with truly artistic style, of phrasing, light and shade, &c., and expression, the cavatina, *In terra solo*, from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian*, so that it was a good thing to hear, even with the memory of Mirate's singing still fresh.

Mrs. J. H. LONG delivered *Ah! mon fils* with much dramatic effect. Miss TWICHELL, blooming and blooming, a picture of health and cheerfulness, sang, with rich, warm, musical contralto, one of those stately, broad, voluptuous Rossini melodies, highly ornamented in the *Semiramide* style, but from one of his now less familiar operas. We regretted the necessity of omitting the duet from Mozart's *Tito*, which was to have been sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH and Mr. ADAMS; its place was poorly supplied to the cultivated taste, but much to the delight of the clappers of hands, by the humdrum baritone air from the "Traviata": *Di Provenza*, which was sung in a rich voice, but timidly and without style, by Mr. G. F. HALL.

There were several good concerted pieces, nicely sung. Costa's Quartet: "*Ecco quel fiero istante*," a passionate and graceful composition, was beautifully done by Mrs. LONG, Miss TWICHELL, Mr. ADAMS and Mr. WETHERBEE. The famous *Lucia* Sextet: "*Chi mi frena*," in which Messrs. GILBERT, POWERS and HALL participated, had all the effect that could have been reasonably anticipated, without stage, orchestra and the greatest voices. But the gem of the evening, in perfection of rendering, was a simple thing, a bit of clear, smooth, singable harmony, the four-part song for tenors and basses, a favorite among college students, the ode of Horace: "*Integer vitae*," by Flemming, (drolly set down in the bills as "Ode to Horace!") It was twice sung to a charm, by Messrs. ADAMS, HOWARD, GILBERT and THOMAS BALL. The vocal pieces were accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. HOWARD.

Each part of the concert was concluded by a grand chorus, sung by the Handel and Haydn Society; the first, by Haydn's "The heavens are telling," the second by the great Rain Chorus: "Thanks be to God," from "Elijah." They were finely sung, but the last needed the support of a larger orchestra, nor did the addition of a Grand Piano contribute just the right kind of sonority. We trust the concert will prove as useful to the beneficiary as it was agreeable to the listeners.

The last of the Afternoon Concerts of the ORCHESTRAL UNION (why the last, when the whole field is clear and the breath of Spring entices to the Music Hall?) was marked by a richer programme than usual, as well as by a larger and more gay and fluttering assemblage, Beethoven's C minor Symphony was finely played, for so small an orchestra. So too were the Overture to "Tell," and Berlioz's brilliant orchestration of the "Invitation to the Waltz." They played also a set of Strauss waltzes of peculiar piquancy and beauty, which we do not remember to have heard before. Mr. SUCK played with great skill a long and difficult Fantasia of his own construction on a Russian air, with orchestra, and approved himself, not for the first time, an artist.

What the Winter has done for us.

III.

Turning from the larger fields of Symphony, Oratorio, and Opera, we glance for a moment at one which occupies far less space in the public eye, and to which few, comparatively, seek admission, but which all lovers of the pure ideal music cherish as a charmed, sequestered nook, where the choice wild flowers grow, and Muses haunt refreshing springs. Of classical Chamber Music, quartets, quintets, &c., of stringed instruments, we have enjoyed hardly our average allowance. All our opportunities of this

kind have centred solely in the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, whose tenth season has certainly been far better than its first six or seven, but not better or materially different from that of the last year. In the matter of performance, the Club was certainly never better, their new leader making up in purity of tone and style what he somewhat lacks sometimes in the fire and energy required for Beethoven and Schubert. But the programmes have added very little that was valuable to our old stock. We have had the usual favorites among the Quartets of Beethoven, still stopping short with the Rasoumowsky set; his two Quintets; and his two finest Piano Trios, those in B flat and in D; but not yet any of the later works, which many long for and are prepared to hear. Mozart's Quartets and Quintets left scarcely anything new for us; of course it was refreshing to hear several of the old favorites. There have been several pleasant dips into genial old "father Haydn," once or twice bringing up a good thing hitherto untasted here. Of Mendelssohn, the B flat Quintet, and some of the best Quartets, were of course demanded, and will always be worth hearing. Weber's Quintet with clarinet has charmed as usual, as every thing, almost, of Weber's does. The only novelties of much real interest have been a couple of Quartets by Schubert; every opportunity to improve acquaintance with a musician of such genius must be valued. Stars of lesser magnitude were allowed to shine once or twice; we had a Quintet by Ries, and another by Gade, both new to the audience.

Not only have the Quintet Club added little to their repertoire; their performances (in Boston) have been strictly limited to their eight concerts. And the worst is, we fear, they have not had encouragement to do more. But none the less for that have they been industriously disseminating, in parlors and in halls, in all the towns about us germs of a love and taste for this refined order of music, and we doubt not they have been the best rewarded,—at all events have done the most good and prepared the best future for their operations, wherever they have had most faith in their audiences, and dared to play their best things. It is only by hearing such that publics ever can learn to like them.

We have sadly missed such opportunities as we have had in some past years of hearing classical piano-forte music. OTTO DRESEL has confined his exquisite poetic renderings of Bach and Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Chopin to private matinees; nor have we had anything for bringing out the best and little-known works of men like Schumann, Schubert and others, by any means so enterprising as the Piano Concerts in New York. But these blank pages in our record are but accidental. They neither disprove the taste and appetite of music-lovers nor the ability of artists, who reside among us. Taste and knowledge have still steadily increased among us, and another year will doubtless give us all that will be wholesome for us. One serious obstacle to Chamber Concerts has been felt in our want, since we have been deprived of the beautiful Chickering saloon, by the conversion of the Masonic Temple into an United States court house, of a really good hall for such things. That want is soon to be supplied, and doubly.

Perhaps we shall do well next to inquire what the winter has not done for us.

Musical Chit-Chat.

HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY are busily rehearsing Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise", which is to form the principal feature in their Benefit Concert, to take place probably on Saturday evening, May 7. . . Mrs. J. H. LONG, and Mr. C. R. ADAMS, have gone to Chicago, being engaged by a musical society there to sing the leading solos in the "Messiah."

We are to have Italian Opera again, it seems, (Ullman's pronouncement is out), for a short season, at the Boston Theatre, commencing May 16. What they will give us, we know not; in New York it has been nearly *toujours* Verdi; but as more singers are announced for Boston; as the company will include "all the distinguished lyric talent now in the country;" as there will be three prime donne, to-wit: GAZZANI-

GA, LABORDE, and the new one, ALAIMO, (and we hope ADELAIDE PHILLIPS); as there will be furthermore the great "immense sensation" tenor, Sig. STEFANI; above all, as there will be FORMES, we trust we shall also have some pieces of a higher interest. . . The following, which appears among the advertisements in the New York papers, is certainly delightful:

A CARD.—Mlle. PICCOLLOMINI to the Public. Before saying adieu to the public which has treated me with proverbial generosity, I beg permission to express, in the best way offered me, the promptings of my heart.

I came to this country, so grand, so free and so charming in its youth and freshness, with high hopes, which have been more than realized. An artist who is satisfied, is a miracle. I am a miracle then.

But, perhaps, the public, or a portion of it, has been disappointed. That is not my fault. Perhaps the announcements on one side were too rose-colored, while the denunciations on the other were too severe. I never pretended to divine genius. I am simply an artist, who does the best she can in her humble way, and is proud to stoop for the smallest flower that may be thrown at her feet. There may be others who have the divine spark. Perhaps many others approximate it nearer than I.

I love my art, and devote my whole soul to it. I only ask the public to be fair; you have been more. You have been generous, and whatever success I may have hereafter, the reminiscences of my American tour will be among the sweetest of my little souvenirs. I would rather stay here than go to Europe. But one—even a spoiled girl, and a prima-donna as well—cannot always have her own way; so I must go on the 1st of June. And, therefore, I have written this in advance of my farewell performances, to thank the public of the whole country (and of New York especially), for the favor that has been lavished upon me. More than all this. I shall endeavor in the roles which I am to undertake for the first time here, to show that this previous favor has not been thrown away, but has encouraged me to new exertions.

And so I salute you all. I would be charmed to do it personally, but the country is so large, and the population so immense, that I really fear the time would not be sufficient.

The public's devoted,

MARIA PICCOLLOMINI.

It is good news when we hear that LISZT, the genial, appreciative critic, has written a new book about music, however heavy one may find his own laborious compositions, *Poèmes Symphoniques*, &c. We read that:

A volume by Dr. Liszt, on "The Bohemians and their music," is announced in France. M. Liszt is, or has been, with all his eccentricities, a wonderful pianist. He is a composer of some consideration also, and has a profound knowledge of and feeling for music. He is a keen observer, and paints scenery with precision and effect. He has already published some essays and a volume of poetry, and some of his letters to the "Gazette Musicale" are full of interest. He is peasant born, and first saw the light at Radling, in Hungary. Probably the most agreeable permanent result of his rich and varied gifts will be this volume upon the melodious, song-loving Bohemians.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, in the course of a long description of a rehearsal of *Robert le Diable* at Pike's Opera House, after alluding to Brignoli's singing in the graveyard scene, indulges in the following rhapsodical rose-color nonsense. We wonder if the "best of women" sat for this portrait:

"At this time PARODI, though not cast for the opera, sits absorbed, with the score before her, rarely lifting her eyes from the page, the exemplification of the student and the artist. How perfectly good-looking she is, with her jetty hair and blue eye, firm, pleasant lip and pale, very slightly haggard, cheek! If she be not one of the best of women, the science of Lavater goes for naught. That air of complete repose and gentleness reveals the living form within and the purpose of an earnest and excellent soul. As true genius ever is, she is without the least assumption, the smallest affectation. On her broad brow high inspiration sits, and her greatness sanctifies the admiration she invokes.

Only once during the long rehearsal did she pass from her rapt mood, when one of the chorus borrowed the score for a few minutes. She seemed, for a brief period, like a child that has lost its playthings, like a mathematician without his problem, an astronomer without his stars. She then turned to the piquante Patti and smiled and talked, but her eye ever wandered in the direction her precious volume had gone. She grew impatient soon, and sent for it, and when it was returned, a bright smile accompanied her "Grazia" and the woman was lost in the artist once again."

Tenors, in the French Opera, when they can't sing, cry, it seems M. Guillardet, in one of his letters from Paris to the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, writes:

"An exciting scene happened on Monday last, (March 28th), at the opera. They were giving the sixth performance of Felicien David's fine work, so long delayed by artists' indispositions, that it was called no longer "*Herculanum*," but "*Reculanum*." The tenor Roger scarcely recovered from an obstinate cold was hissed. Not used to such harsh treatment, the great artist was thrown into despair; he could not restrain his tears; he tore the diadem from his brow, threw it on the stage, and rushed off, begging the director to accept his resignation immediately. Then the audience called him back with so much energy that he had to return to the stage. When they saw him so distressed and with his face so changed, the crowd shouted and all hands applauded. Roger bowed to them, weeping hot tears at the same time. They cried: "If you cannot sing, speak, only speak!" Madame Borghi-Mamo, who was moved also to tears, took his hands to give him courage. Finally, there never was an artist who received more signal marks of sympathy. Roger was touched to the bottom of his heart, and gratitude gave him a strong will, which triumphed over nature. His voice returned, and he was able to sing, if not better, at least with more expression than ever. That evening, which had begun with him by a humiliation, ended by a triumph."

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26.—The various attempts that have been made in this city to introduce Sunday Concerts, have proved so unsuccessful, that one wonders at any party's renewing them. Of the Americans, who have not been brought up to the thing, as you Bostonians have, there are very few whom principle, education, or regard for the opinion of friends or relatives do not deter from frequenting these entertainments. Hence the audiences consist mostly of foreigners, and these do not turn out in sufficient numbers to secure a satisfactory remuneration. The lower classes, true, are more largely represented; the "Sacred Trumpet Concerts," the "Sacred Concerts with Dramatic Performances and dancing," &c., &c., where the admission is *ten cents*, besides the price of as many glasses of lager-beer as it is possible to consume; these are all crowded to overflowing, by a quiet, respectfully-behaved though homely audience, who seek these same relaxations for their week of toil and labor. But when the price rises to 50 cents or \$1, when a higher order of music is on the programme, it is plainly seen how small in proportion is the number of cultivated or comfortably situated foreigners, or rather Germans, here. In spite of "Trovator's" apparent contempt of this nation, they are the ones to whom we owe the progress which Music has made in this country during the last twenty years. That some of the most attractive concerts of the season, such as BERGMANN's, have been on Sunday evenings, is a source of great regret to many; and among these I include myself, who, though for my own part convinced that the hearing of beautiful music can only have an elevating and improving effect, being to me more edifying than many a sermon I have heard, am obliged, from personal considerations, to forego much pleasure of the kind. Thus I missed a very fine "Sacred" concert of the German "Liederkrantz" last Sunday evening, which, if you will admit hearsay evidence, is universally acknowledged to have been as good in point of performance as of programme, which latter I inclose. Why it is called "Sacred," is difficult to imagine; it merely makes the thing ridiculous to have a fantasia from *Lucia*, for instance, announced as "sacred music."

1. Overture, "Leonora," in C, Opus 138; Orchestra; Beethoven. 2. Recitativo and Aria, from "The Creation"; Mr. Jos. Weinlich; Haydn. 3. "Chor der Geister über den Wassern"; Eight part male chorus with instrumental accompaniment; Fr. Schubert. 4. Fantasia on "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Mr. S. B. Mills; Prudent. 5. March from "Der Tannhauser"; Full Chorus and Orchestra; Wagner. 6. "Die letzte Walpurgisnacht"; Ballad for Soli, full Chorus and Orchestra; Mendelssohn.

To-day, MASON and THOMAS gave their last matinee to a very respectable audience. A trio of Schumann's was exceedingly difficult to understand, and seemed to me much less attractive than his Piano Quartet, for instance, and many others of his composition. Mr. Thomas played as well as he always does, an uninteresting "Romance" of Berlioz, and Mr. Mason gave us a *Ballade* of his own and an *Etude* of Rubinstein, both of which we have heard from him before.

The crown of the whole, however, and what contained ten times more beauty than all the other pieces put together, was an Octet of Franz Schubert, for String Quartet, Double Bass, Horn, Clarinet and Bassoon. It was splendidly played, and enchanted the whole audience with its originality and beauty. It is a posthumous work which was published and first played in Germany only a few years ago. I cannot, on this first hearing, attempt an analysis of this composition, but hope to become better acquainted with it before long.

Our concert season is fast drawing to a close—next Saturday is the last Philharmonic, with a very promising programme, and there is hardly any prospect of any more music besides opera this spring. M^{lle}. ALAIMO has made a hit at the Academy. Tomorrow morning she appears to the matinee-goers in "an act of a favorite Opera," in connection with GAZZANIGA in *Favorita*. Saturday there is another Matinee, with the everlasting *Trovatore*. Piccolomini is announced shortly to commence a season of twelve nights. She is out to-day in a card expressing most naively her gratitude to the American public. I would send it to you, did I not suppose that you would yourself copy it from our papers.

To-morrow evening *Tannhäuser* is to be repeated for the last time. It was so suddenly withdrawn some weeks ago because the management of the "Stadt Theater" discovered that they had lost considerably by it, the only night which was really remunerative being that of BERGMANN's benefit. Now, I believe Bergmann's singing-society, the Arion, have taken the house for this one night, and the performance is to be for the benefit of Mr. PICKANESER. I was prevented from attending any of the previous performances, but hope to be able to send you an account of this last one.

HARTFORD, CONN., APRIL 25. — What has become of all the Concert givers — pianists, "American Nightingales," "Bassi Profundi," &c., who were wont to favor us with their smiles and performances, — always telling us of their approach by flaming hand-bills and "swelling" agents, and making our hearts glad in anticipation of some rich treat? Now what a nice idea it would be for your ever delightful "Mendelssohn Quintette Club" to drop in upon us, and give us one or two of their famous concerts. Nothing but the "Quintet," — for if they want fine vocalists with whom to intersperse their programme, we have them already here. Come on, gentlemen, and give us a heart full of those splendid old compositions, and you shall be rewarded. Hartford has taken quite a step forward in musical culture within the last two years, and is now much better prepared to listen to anything of a high order than formerly.

As I have told you before, a society has been formed here within the last year, — the "Beethoven," which has now proved itself an established institution, and which has, the last week, given its third concert, in order to establish a fund, — which any society must possess, or they will sooner or later fall through. At this concert, the "Passion" of Haydn was performed. I know that they would have pleased the large audience far more had they made a different selection, for the composition was never intended for the concert room, any more than a regular mass, — and the "Passion" is certainly more in form of a Mass than an Oratorio, which latter name is attached to it. People wondered why the music was not more expressive of the words; which is readily explained, from the fact that the words were adapted to the music, and not *vice versa*. Haydn wrote the music originally as an instrumental composition, and afterwards made the adaptation above spoken of, through a commission from a priest of a Catholic church in Spain, I believe, where it was afterwards only per-

formed on the night preceding "Good Friday," with darkened church, whose walls were hung with solemn drapery, — and there is where the music in this form first gained its celebrity. But I must say, that of all the most sleepy, monotonous pieces I ever listened to, this takes the lead for a concert. There is nothing to relieve the dreadful sameness from beginning to end, but a short tenor solo, "Jesus cried," and a pretty movement, with soprano obligato, towards the close, which was a perfect God-send to the listeners. This I also know, that these were many mouths stretched wide with gaping, mine among the number, which may have arisen from a thirsty desire to "drink in all of the music," but I doubt it. Certainly, it was not so in my case.

As far as the performance of the society was concerned, I do not recollect anything in particular to censure, and I am only surprised that they went through so uninteresting a composition as well as they did, and with so few blunders. I don't believe that the dear old man Haydn ever visited a real earthquake, else he would have produced a different illustration than that of the final number. It is a great failure in its design.

Mrs. STRICKLAND pleased much in her solo, — "Jerusalem, thou that killest," although the orchestra seemed determined to kill her voice by its overbearing accompaniment. A trio from Mendelssohn's "Athalia," was quite well sung by Mrs. STRICKLAND, Mrs. RISLEY, and Miss BARKER. Then came that difficult and delicious solo, "Gratias agimus tibi," by Guglielmi, with clarinet obligato, performed by Mrs. CLARE HOYT PRESTON and Mr. ATKINS, of Colt's celebrated band. It was splendidly rendered by both artists. Who could have sung it in a more bewitching manner than did Mrs. Preston? Even in the "Center Church," the audience could not refrain from applauding in their delight. Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer" was again finely brought out, both in solo and chorus, and the concert ended with Romberg's milk-and-watery ode, "The Transient and the Eternal." H.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 10. — Some days ago our community were entertained with an admirable concert, from the Philharmonic Society of this city; and, as you journal such affairs for the musical public, some account of it may prove interesting to your readers.

The Philharmonic Society was organized in 1854, and incorporated in 1859. During that time the society has given ten public performances, including six oratorios and cantatas, among which have been Root's "Daniel," Neukomm's "David," the "Nightingale's Nest," by Reichard, and the "Haymakers."

The concert a few evenings ago consisted of miscellaneous selections. Among them, "Hallelujah to the Father," from Beethoven, was given with very brilliant effect; "God will guard His faithful band," from Rossini, was sung with great beauty of expression; "Fixed on His everlasting seat," from Handel, was admirably rendered; while "Like a fairy creature," from Rossini, and "The fox jumped over the parson's gate," from Bishop, may serve as specimens of the lighter pieces.

The concert, in every way, was a complete success. Acquidneck Hall was crowded; the music was of a very high order; and every one was pleased. The concert was gotten up by the citizens, as a testimonial to the society; and shows that our people will aid generously in efforts to increase knowledge, and cultivate taste. Indeed, the Philharmonic Society, guided by its very talented and accomplished leader, Mr. THOS. W. WOOD, has already done an excellent work towards educating our people in music; for, not only by means of classes at their hall, but also by concerts like the last, their influence is exerted towards a high standard of musical taste.

AMATEUR.

Recent Publications.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by O. Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Rest to the wanderer. (La tomba e un letto).
From Verdi's *Luisa Miller*. 25

One of the most taking melodies in this Opera. It is taken from the great Duet between the heroine of the piece and her father, and makes a very pretty little song.

Oh! what madness. (Ah, che matto). Terzetto.
S. A. B. From Flotow's Opera of *Martha*. 25

The well remembered Terzetto in the first act, in which Lady Harriet, Nancy and Sir Tristan, take part. It is a sparkling and pleasing concerted piece, available for concert purposes.

Why fall my tears. (Di qual soave). Cavatina
for Soprano, from Donizetti's Opera of "I Martiri." 40

The first Cavatina of Paolina, the leading part in the Opera, a very brilliant and ornamental piece of Vocal Music.

Sweet Eveleen. Ballad. Dr. J. Haynes. 25
Companion to the well known Song, "Little white Cottage."

Holy father, hear us sighing. A. Geraudé. 25
A very fine sacred song from the French, adapted by Mrs. Dana-Shindler.

'Twas like a song of olden time. Ballad.
Marion Edney. 30

I only ask a home with thee. Ballad.
Langton Williams. 25

Pleasing Parlor Songs.

Instrumental Music.

The Vienneise, or Empire Quadrille. Carl Eichler. 50
A new edition of this famous Quadrille, to which an International Congress of Dancing-masters at Vienna fixed the Figures. The authenticity of this copy is unquestionable; it corresponds with the orchestral copies which the best bands in the country make use of.

Trab, trab Galop. F. B. Helmsmüller. 25

The first number of a selection of the latest and choicest Dance-music, partly composed and partly arranged by this excellent and fashionable leader. Frequenters of Newport will recognize in this Galop, a favorite of the last season.

Sunshine of life. L. Lacher. 25

Always merry. J. Fröhlich. 25

Happy Peasant girl. F. Winzer. 25

My delight Waltz. C. Tänzer. 25

Very easy little Rondos for beginners.

Villette Polka. E. C. Bigelow. 25

Purling stream Polka. Mary A. Knight. 25

Night bells Polka. G. W. Stratton. 25

Leopold Schottisch. Louise A. Denton. 25

Easy and pleasing Dance Music for the parlor.

Books.

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